



THE Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 21 Jan. 1959



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WHERE to go... WHAT to see

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

THIS week Scotland is ablaze, celebrating Burns's bicentenary, and England, too, has caught the excitement. London will be able to see wreath-laying ceremonies at Westminster Abbey (2 p.m.) and at the Burns statue in the Embankment Gardens (3 p.m.) on Sunday. As a tuneful postscript there is a Burns Nicht concert at the Royal Festival Hall on the 31st, with pipers an' a'. My private celebration will take the form of absorbing wee drappies until the meaning of such lines as "Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins" becomes sublimely clear.

The Russian pictures at the Royal Academy are still much in the news, and in spite of severe criticism the attendance has been good. Anybody who wants to know more about them should go to the Victoria & Albert Museum at 6.15 tonight when Mary Chamot speaks on "Russian Painting." Other speakers on Wednesday nights at the V. & A. will include David Wilson (Viking Art), Helmut Gernsheim (Photographic History), Alan Reed (William Morris), and Peter Thornton (18th-Century Silks). Admission is free.

From Russia to the Antipodes. Twenty-four year old Australian Patsy Foard, whose pictures won

favourable comment from the Italian critics in Florence, has an exhibition at the Commonwealth Institute. It is open until 1 February.

A new play by J. M. Sadler is in the offing. It is called *The Coast Of Coromandel* and the chief rôles are taken by Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Alec Webb, Eric Porter and Molly Urquhart. It seems to offer some good prospects of class conflict, with a wealthy widow and a local fisherman among the characters. It has a fortnight's season at Brighton from

26 January and will tour before coming to London.

Country and sporting interests should take note that Lingfield Park's first meeting of the year takes place on Friday and Saturday, while they are showing and selling pedigree bulls at Hereford next Monday and Tuesday (Argentine papers please copy). But the most fascinating item of all is the "Up helly aa" at Lerwick in the Shetlands on 27 January. I shall need another dram to work that out.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Speedbird Restaurant, B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria. "It would probably not occur to one to go there for the sole purpose of having an excellent lunch or

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La Reserve, 37 Gerrard St., W.1.

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Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Cinderella (Coliseum). "Recent memory cannot recall a pantomime which provided childish pleasure with more in the way of aesthetic justification. A visual treat..."

West Side Story (Her Majesty's Theatre). "Appeals... to anybody who loves a strong story told simply and well."

Chrysanthemum (Prince of Wales Theatre). "A musical comedy which has got hold of an amusing idea and exploits it with an exhilarating sense of fun..."

Fancied films

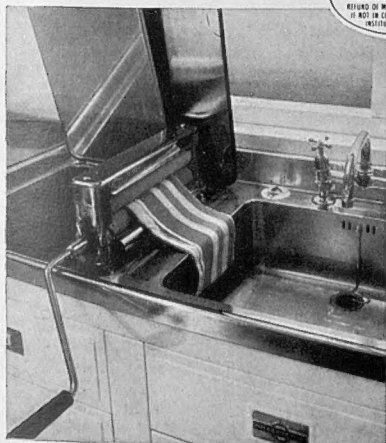
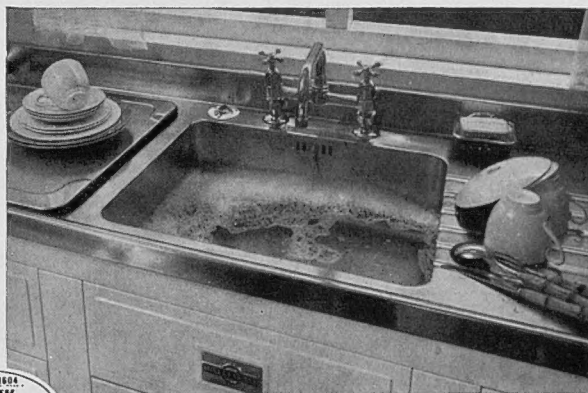
BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad. "Never have studio-built horrors been more artfully animated or adroitly manipulated..."

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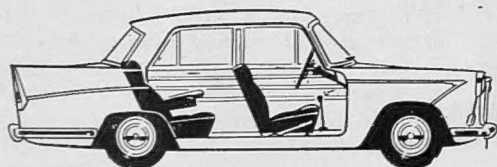


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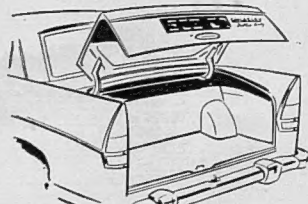
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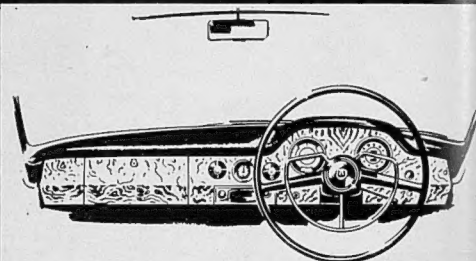
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THE
Tatler
BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXI No. 3002

21 January 1959

TWO SHILLINGS
WEEKLY



PERSONALITY

Postscript to penicillin

LADY (ALEXANDER) FLEMING is preparing a museum to commemorate the life work of her late husband, the discoverer of penicillin. She hopes to complete it in about two months and the exhibits will be housed initially in the Wright-Fleming Institute at St. Mary's Hospital. Later they will have a place of honour in a planned new research building.

The project follows a three-year task of collecting documents and tape-recording recollections of Sir Alexander's friends and colleagues for the biography by André Maurois. This will be published in May and will mark the fourth anniversary of the scientist's death. Both the book and the museum, says Lady Fleming, will show that Fleming's experiments—from the very first one—led almost without his awareness to

the ultimate discovery of the wonder drug.

Greek-born Lady Fleming, herself a bacteriologist, is continuing her husband's work in the familiar room at St. Mary's where this picture was taken. She uses his old desk; his books and papers surround her and fresh flowers stand near his picture.

Her association with Fleming began in 1946 when she joined his team at the Institute on a British Council grant. As Dr. Amalia Voureka, she had been a member of the Greek Resistance, was imprisoned and tortured by the Nazis and was only saved from death by the advancing Allied forces.

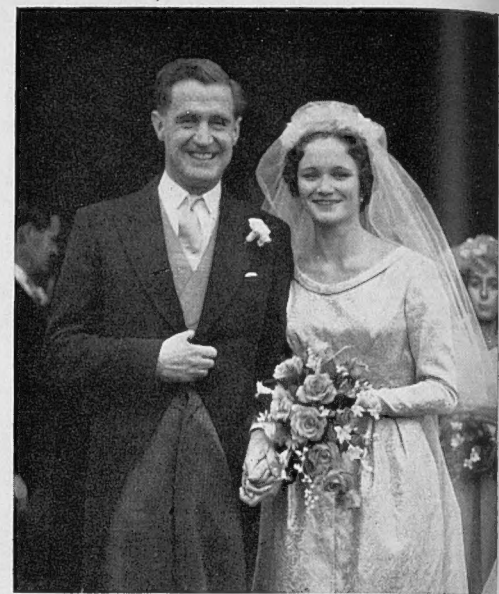
In 1951 she became head of the laboratory of the great Evangelismos Hospital in Athens. Sir Alexander visited her in Greece in 1952 and they married soon afterwards.



Edward—Williams: Miss Sally Williams, elder daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. Samuel Williams, of The Old Bakehouse, Ramsden Heath, near Billericay, Essex, married Mr. Jack Edward, second son of Mrs. & the late Col. C. Edward, Hope House, Little Burstead, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Rhys—Rothenstein: Miss Lucy Rothenstein, daughter of Sir John & Lady Rothenstein, of Beauforest House, Newington, Warborough, Oxfordshire, married the Hon. Richard Rhys, the only son of Lord & Lady Dinevor, Dynevor Castle, Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, at Westminster Cathedral



Browne—Garforth: Miss Griselda Mary Garforth, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. F. I. de la P. Garforth, Syston Court, Mangotsfield, Gloucestershire, married Mr. Ormonde M. V. Browne, son of Mr. & the late Mrs. Max Browne, Lake Entrance, Australia, at St. Thomas à Becket's, Pucklechurch, near Bristol



Waddington—Green: Miss Gillian R. Green, daughter of Mr. A. Green, M.P., & Mrs. Green, Whins House, Sabden, near Blackburn, married Mr. David C. Waddington, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. Waddington, The Old Vicarage, Read, near Burnley, Lancs, at the Parish Church, Preston



Hamilton-Price—Gossage: Miss Ann Margaret Gossage, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. N. F. Gossage, Windacres, Rudgwick, Sussex, married Lt. Peter G. Hamilton-Price, R.N., son of Major & Mrs. G. Hamilton-Price, Manor House, Prestbury, Gloucestershire, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.1



Hosking—Moat: Miss Sally Moat, only daughter of the late Major J. H. F. Moat, and of Mrs. T. Peddie, The New House, Hambledon, Hampshire, married Capt. Harold W. E. Hosking, R.A., eldest son of Mrs. & the late Mr. H. W. Hosking, Richmond, Surrey, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place



Brown—Rushbrooke: Miss Jennifer Jane Rushbrooke, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. J. Rushbrooke, Little Upton, Horsell, Woking, married Mr. Roger Pasley Brown, younger son of Col. & Mrs. D. F. Brown, Drum House, Woking, at St. Edward's Church, Sutton Place, near Woking



Duckworth—Williamson: Miss Margaret Thirl Williamson, only daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. D. H. Williamson, of Edinburgh, married Mr. David S. Duckworth, son of Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Duckworth, Whitelands House, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.3, at Lincoln's Inn Chapel

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Gstaad—gayer than ever in spite of the rain

by JENNIFER

GSTAAD is enjoying a wonderful season, gayer than ever. All the hotels are full and every chalet is let or occupied by the owner. Ski-clothes and after-ski clothes are exceptionally bright and colourful, no doubt partly due to Emilio Pucci having a shop for these clothes in Gstaad. All that was lacking during my stay was sunshine! It snowed or rained most of the time, with grey overcast skies.

The Palace Hotel was the centre of festivities after dark, with the Olden Bar and 53 Club popular among those who wanted to stay in the village. Charlie's is still the important rendezvous for tea, and at midday many met for luncheon up at the Wasserngrat restaurant or at the new, exclusive, and luxurious Eagle Club where the food is superb. This club is efficiently run by Vicomte Benoist d'Azy, who knows more about running a luxury club like this than most people. For years, before he came to Gstaad last season, he successfully ran the Corviglia Club at St. Moritz.

The Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf and her son Axel (during his holidays) were staying with Lord & Lady Bruntisfield, who have the Chalet Wispellen this season, where Lady Bruntisfield's sister Princess Radziwill is also staying with them. From Gstaad Mme. Hägglöf was going on to visit our Ambassador to Austria, Sir James Bowker, & Lady Bowker at the British Embassy in Vienna. Prince & Princess Frederick of Prussia have the large Chalet Diana where they have, besides their own young family and nephews, Mrs. de Westenholz and her two sons and daughter as guests.

Bridge and banking

Comte John de Bendern and his beautiful young wife (who has the unusual Christian name of Mercedes) are again in the Chalet Larochette, with their two children and his son Simon. The Belgian banker M. Louis Franck and his attractive wife are in their Chalet Arno. Both the Francks are exceptionally fine bridge players and have given their friends here much enjoyment with their bridge parties. The Italian Marquis Guerrieri Gonzaga and his charming wife, with their two sons Tullio and Carlino and their daughter Maria-Gemma (who all have beautiful manners), were spending the

holidays in their delightful Chalet Bruyere which was frequently filled with young friends after ski-ing. Princess Joan Aly Khan and her two sons, the Aga Khan and Prince Amin Khan, spent the holidays at the Palace Hotel until the boys had to return to their studies at Harvard.

Others enjoying Gstaad while I was there included the Earl of Warwick, Viscount Ednam, the Marquess of Milford Haven (who joined his mother and sister Lady Tatiana Mountbatten at the Bernerhof Hotel), Col. "Dickie" Pembroke, Brig. & Mrs. Hugh Norman and their three sons, Ronald, Peter and Jaimie, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and her two daughters Sarah and Chloë, the Hon. William & Mrs. Douglas Home, Mrs. Richard Stafford and her débutante daughter Miss Veronica Stafford, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Hare and their daughters Alix and Margaret, Miss Sylvia Casablancas who was there with her parents, and Mme. Ronald Calnan. Mme. Calnan's young daughter Philippa, whom she is bringing to London in June, had just returned to college in America.

Prince was a guest

Mme. Calnan invited me to cocktails one evening, when among her guests I met the Duc Leopold de Baviere, Prince Nicola Tehkotua, who is a Knight of the Cross of Malta, the Marquise Guerrieri Gonzaga, Mrs. Elisabeth Clarke over from Paris and staying in Gstaad with her son, Comtesse de Caraman who had her pretty teenage daughter with her, and Comte Guy de Polignac who was down from Paris for a week to join his wife and daughters in the Chalet Ludi which they have for the season.

On my first day out here I went over to

Château-d'Oex to watch the race for the Geneva Cup, run over an exceptionally good course down La Braye in fine weather. The winner of the ladies' section was the well-known veteran of ski-racing Mrs. Shearing of the Downhill Only Club (she also had two daughters, 17-year-old Shelagh Murphy and 15-year-old Patricia Murphy in the race). Miss Susan Martin was second in this section. The girls section was won by another D.H.O. member Miss Anna Asheshov, with Lady Lucinda Mackay second. The men's section was won by 18-year-old Simon Hodgson of the Kandahar Club. He comes out each year with his parents Col. & Mrs. Christopher Hodgson and his sister Patricia, and has raced consistently in boys' events for several seasons, winning the Junior Kandahar in 1958.

Boys won wrist-watches

In the boys' section there was a tie for first place between 16-year-old Peter Norman of the Kandahar Club and 14-year-old Francis Doran-Webb of the D.H.O.; both boys received lovely gold wrist watches and shared the large silver challenge cup which (like the many other prizes) had been given by M. Marcel Nicolle.

Last year Peter Norman, who is at Eton, was dogged with bad luck when racing, but happily this year his luck has changed as the previous week he had won the much-coveted Junior Kandahar. In this event 13-year-old Charles Westenholz (who was also competing in the Geneva Cup) won the downhill section, and 16-year-old Robin Watson the slalom, of the Junior Kandahar.

In the girl's section Patricia Hodgson won both the downhill and slalom and was therefore an easy combined winner with Sarah d'Avigdor-Goldsmid a good second.

To return to the Geneva Cup, Lady Blane, who is the Ski Club of Great Britain representative in Villars, had brought a bus-load of young competitors over for the race. I met the Marchioness of Lothian who had come over with her eldest son the Earl of Ancram and her eldest daughter Lady Mary Kerr, who both ski extremely well. The Lothians have a chalet in Villars for the holidays and have the four eldest of their six children with them. Mr. J. F. Watts, private trainer to the Earl of Derby at Newmarket, and his wife came over to see their son John who got a place in the boys' section.

Prince Frederick of Prussia was helping with the race; two of his sons, 12-year-old Nicholas Von Preussen and 11-year-old William Von Preussen, were competing in the boys' section. Among other young people racing were Chloë d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Jaimie Norman, Piers Westenholz



Resorts on the rise

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE, a special Travel Number, will: (1) forecast four up-and-coming places in the sun; (2) present a travel calendar by Doone Beal, showing the best time of year to go where; (3) survey spring cruises; and (4) report the latest and smartest in traveller's tales in a light-hearted article by Mary Macpherson

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Miss Diana Mary Anstruther-Gray to Mr. James Macnabb Younger of Macnabb: She is the daughter of Sir William & Lady Anstruther-Gray, Kilmany, Fife. He is the son of Mr. J. A. Macnabb, of Kinnell House, Killin, and Mrs. G. H. Walford



and his eleven-year-old sister Antoinette, and Patricia Hodgson.

Many of those competing in the Geneva Cup went on to Adelboden next day for the Junior Championships, when Peter Norman and Tania Heald won the boys' and girls' events respectively.

Major George Fielding and Miss Phyllis Scott (the S.C.G.B. representatives at Château-d'Oex) ran the Geneva Cup most efficiently. They had the help of neighbouring "reps" in Mrs. Raynsford and Miss Diana Tubbs, her assistant at Saanemoser; and that outstanding personality and international skier Miss "Soss" Roe (who has done so much for young skiers at Gstaad) and her assistant Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, who also competed in the women's section. Brig. Hugh Norman was much to the fore helping, also Sir Wavell Wakefield, whom I saw half-way down the course.

I miss an avalanche

It was still snowing as I left Gstaad for Zermatt. This proved a slow and irksome journey but later I realized I was lucky to reach my destination. Shortly after my train had passed, no more got through for 24 hours owing to an avalanche on the line between Visp and Zermatt.

In Zermatt the British ski racing week (the first to be held here) was in full swing. Events included the race for the Roberts of Kandahar Cup, the Alpine Ski Challenge Cup (two of the oldest ski-ing races), the 28th British ski-running championships (men's) and the Duke of Kent Cup. The first two events were run in icy conditions and the weather got so bad that the downhill section of the championship had to be postponed, a decision well rewarded as it was run next morning under ideal conditions. A number of young British racers have been training in Zermatt under Otto Wiedmann of Innsbruck, with Nigel Gardner (a 1956 Olympic Team member) as captain. This winter is the last one before the next Olympic Games, the ski-ing section of which is to be held at Squaw Valley, U.S.A., in February, 1960. British entries will depend on standards achieved in British and international races this winter.

The Roberts of Kandahar, run over a course from Sunnegga to Ried Meadows, was won by Robert Skepper (Kandahar Club) captain of the Cambridge ski team, with Nigel Gardner (S.C.G.B.), now a doctor in the R.A.M.C., second and Zeno Kaye (Ski Association), who is in the R.A.F., third.

A prize-winners' party

The Alpine Ski Challenge Cup went to Swiss Jean Mounier (Swiss Academy Ski Club) with Geoffrey Pitchford (S.C.G.B.) of Chilham, Kent, second and John Rigby (D.H.O.) third. I arrived in time for the prize-giving for these two events, a cheerful party at the Mont Cervin Hotel. At this Sir Charles Taylor, chairman of the Racing Committee of the S.C.G.B., made a short speech and Lady Taylor presented the prizes. Sir Charles paid tribute to many who had helped to make this race week so successful. Among them he mentioned Gottlieb Perren and Egon Petrig who has set the courses,



Tom Hustler

Miss Katherine P. Knight to Mr. Peter S. Morton: She is the elder daughter of Mr. R. S. Knight, M.C., & Mrs. Knight, White Cottage, Sunninghill, Berkshire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. N. Morton, High Croft, Godalming, Surrey



Lenare

Miss Ann W. Renison to Mr. Michael P. Tinné: She is the daughter of Sir Patrick & Lady Renison, Government House, Georgetown, British Guiana. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. P. A. Tinné, Balcarron, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire, Scotland



Vandyk

Miss Primrose Anne Outred to Mr. James Wetenhall: She is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Outred, Deepcut, St. George's Hill, Weybridge. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Percy Wetenhall, The Walled House, Esher



Vandyk

Miss Maria Emilia Mosselmans to Mr. Knud Rasmussen: She is the daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. A. W. Mosselmans, of The Berystede, Ascot, Berkshire. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. C. H. Rasmussen, Gamby, Fyn Denmark

François Edwards who had arranged the gatekeeping, and his own nephew Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor (a former captain of the British men's team) who had worked indefatigably as chairman of the organizing committee of the British race week.

Next morning I went up in the chair-lift to Sunnegga to watch the start of the downhill section of the British ski-running championship. The 40 starters were efficiently dispatched by Mr. Edmund Skepper, Jnr., with the help in timing of Miss Pamela Grant the able S.C.G.B. representative in Zermatt. It was a fast course and the winner was Geoffrey Pitchford with Nigel Gardner second and Christopher Gladstone (Kandahar) third; he has just taken the finals of the chartered accountants examination, and was having a well-earned holiday. Ian Mcleod (Mardens), a promising young skier who is in a Highland regiment, was fourth.

The previous day Geoffrey Pitchford had won the slalom with Robert Skepper second, Zeno Kaye third and Christopher Gladstone fourth, so the ultimate result of the combined races made Geoffrey Pitchford the British ski-running champion for 1959, with Christopher Gladstone second, Nigel Gardner third, Robert Skepper fourth and Ian Mcleod fifth.

These, too, competed

Besides those I have mentioned, others competing in the championship included Jim Ashburner (S.C.G.B.) who is at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, Michael Miller and Max Taylor (both Kandahar) who are up at Cambridge, and Max's second brother Alex (also Kandahar) who has just left Eton (their youngest brother Jonathan was at Adelboden competing in the junior championships). Also: "Roby" Uniacke (Kandahar) a former junior champion now in the Irish Guards, whose wife was watching the race, Daryl Carey (Kandahar) of the Scots Guards, James Clegg (S.C.G.B.), Alastair Drew (D.H.O.) who amused everyone by standing in the snow at the start reading a Penguin edition of a thriller, until the number before his was called, Andrew and Nicholas Rayner (both Kandahar) whose brother Ranulph had gone over to St. Moritz to ride for the Army team on the Cresta, and Rudi Prochaska and Ian Tite, both of the R.A.F. ski team.

Skiers from Spain

On my third and final day, many of those I have mentioned and other skiers from lowland countries, including the young Spanish skiers, Antonio Gonzales and Juan Jimenez Fradera (who are guests of the Kandahar Club), competed for the Duke of Kent Cup. The winner was Nigel Gardner, with Robert Skepper second and Ian Macleod, who is having his first year of serious racing, third.

That grand old man of ski-ing and much loved personality Sir Arnold Lunn, who had to return to England hurriedly owing to family illness at the start of race week, was back in time to watch the Duke of Kent Cup and attend the prize-giving at the Zermatterhof afterwards.

TESSA, three years, younger daughter of Sir Anthony & Lady Meyer, Hethe Place, Sunningdale, Berkshire

Other People's Babies



Baron Studios



Ramsey & Muspratt

TESSA (eight), SUSIE (ten), and EMMA ROSE (two), daughters of Mr. & Mrs. F. More O'Ferrall, Hermongers, Rudgwick, Sussex



Fayer

CARL KRISTAN, 14 months, son of Mr. & Mrs. Randolph Krefting, Clareville Street, London, S.W.7

Below: LADY ALEXANDRA HAY, three years, daughter of the Countess of Erroll, Hereditary High Constable of Scotland, & Sir Iain Moncrieff of that Ilk, Bt.



Norton-Pratt

CHARMIAN DEBORAH, one year, daughter of Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, Hill St., Mayfair, W.1



Ida Kar

The West Suffolk meet at

Gedding Hall

*Mr. & Mrs. J. Gibson Jarvie's moated home,
which dates back to the thirteenth century*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Colonel John Josselyn, who carried the horn at the meet, was told a fox had raided a local farmyard



Mrs. R. Creasy, Mr. F. B. Lillis and Group Captain H. W. Pearson-Rogers (who farms)



Mr. F. W. Gascoyne with Miss P. Gascoyne, who breeds dairy shorthorns on a farm near Stowmarket

Opposite: Roderick Luis and Gavin Fry, grandsons of Mr. & Mrs. J. Gibson Jarvie



Mrs. Clodagh Fry, youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Gibson Jarvie. She writes thrillers (under her maiden name), and her third, *He Would Provoke Death*, is due to be published this month

Left: Fiona Luis, six-year-old granddaughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gibson Jarvie



Mr. & Mrs. J. Gibson Jarvie. He is chairman of the United Dominions Trust Ltd. The trophies which can be seen on the wall of the hall were shot by Mr. Gibson Jarvie on his Scottish estate



Above: The narrow spiral staircase in the tower on the east side of Gedding Hall dates from a later period than the rest of the house



The panelled dining-room reflected in a French mirror hanging at the end of the room

This stone socket once held the axle of the drawbridge. The land at Gedding Hall was recorded in Domesday Book as the property of the Abbot of Bury



Mrs. W. Pearson. She is a former joint-Master of the West Suffolk Hunt



Mrs. Peter Peel. Her husband is a secretary to the Stewards of the Jockey Club



Mrs. Eaton Goldsmith. The Hunt found its first quarry in a small wood near the Hall



Miss Mary Stewart and Miss Ann Prentice. Both are schoolgirls



Arnold von Bohlen-Halbach received the Mortimer Cup for the Men's Open Slalom competition from Mrs. Loel Guinness. He is an Oxford undergraduate

ST. MORITZ

*This page: Personalities
Opposite: The British
Fashion Gala*

J. ALLAN CASH



Cover shows the chair-lift at Zermatt

WINTER SPORTS

*Six pages of
picture reports
from the resorts*



Left: Princess Soraya, former wife of the Shah of Persia



Commander the Hon. Mark Tennyson, R.N. (centre) with Prince & Princess Metternich

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. R. H. SCHLOS



Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, the film director



The reigning prince of Liechtenstein (Franz Joseph) with his wife

Left: Mr. Jeremy Wagg with Miss Lindy Guinness and Mr. H. Davies



The Hon. Pamela Churchill with her son Winston (grandson of Sir Winston Churchill)



Top: London couture houses combined to put on a British fashion gala at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz. British models were flown out (right: arriving by Swissair), including Rosalind Watkins (above, left) in a red satin dress by John Cavanagh. Nenna Dubois (above, right) modelled a dress of silk brocade by Worth. Olofson designed the wigs

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRODRICK HALDANE



Left: Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza with his wife

Below: Dr. & Mrs. S. Leonard Simpson

Lt.-Col. & Mrs. James Allason (he is prospective Conservative candidate for Hemel Hempstead)



Prince Orsini with the Marquise de Caumont. They were in Prince Thurn and Taxis' party



Above: Mr. Brian Vine with Miss Mary Plunket-Greene



Right: Mrs. Frederick Newall with Mr. Patrick Gibbins





Below: Colonel Percy Legard, the former Olympic jumper and skier, coaches Miss Tessa Dredge in ski-jumping

Mr. Jack Hawkins competing in a Bonspiel (curling match) on the rink at Wengen



Left: Mr. Douglas Collins (he is head of Goya cosmetics) with his children, Christopher, Susy, Anna, Linda and Ben

Below: Mr. & Mrs. Julian Ridsdale (he is M.P. for Harwich) with their daughter Penny (on left)



WENGEN

*British visitors
staying in the
Bernese Oberland*

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES
BY GEORGE KONIG



Sir Peter Roberts, M.P. for Sheffield, with his wife (holding their youngest Rebecca) and their children Jane, Deborah, Catherine and Samuel. Right: Miss Sims. She is a member of the senior ladies' team of the Downhill Club

ZERMATT

*The British
Ski Racing
Week*



Mr. Geoffrey Pitchford, the winner
and new slalom champion for 1959



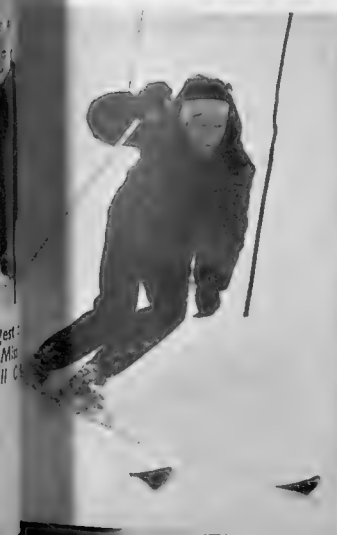
Miss Tessa Chance and
Lady Judy McDonnell, who
are pupils at a
finishing school at
Château d'Oex



Left: Mr. & Mrs. Peter Kirwan-Taylor
(he helped organize the slalom race).
Extreme left: Mr. John Boyagis
(the referee) with his wife



Above: Sir Charles Taylor (M.P. for
Eastbourne) with his wife and children,
Maxwell, Jasmine and Alexander.
Sir Charles is chairman of the Ski
Club of Great Britain Racing
committee. Above, left:
Miss Angela Farrington



Lady Rayner with her sons Andrew,
Nicholas and Ranulf. The boys are
all expert skiers.



Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Whitechurch, who stayed at the Palace Hotel



At the Eagle Club: Vicomte Benoist d'Azy (left), secretary of the club, with Mrs. H. F. Shoemaker. Right: Mr. & Mrs. Gabriel Sacher. The club, on the Wasserngrat, was opened in 1957



GSTAAD *(above) and* *nearby* VILLARS

*Glimpses of their crowded
and cosmopolitan seasons*

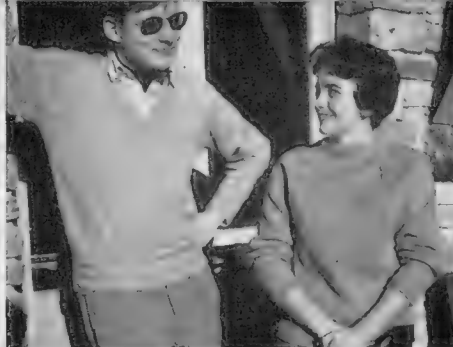
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRODRICK HALDANE

REPORTS FROM
THE RESORTS *concluded*





Mr. & Mrs. John Goulandris (above)
with Mrs. Karolos. Mrs. Goulandris's mother
is a cousin of Mrs. Aristotle Onassis



Mr. Philippe Coupey and
Miss Anita Mavroleon



Miss Antoinette von Westenholz
& Mr. James Norman, two
Kandahar Club trainees



Mr. & Mrs. Eric
Coupey



Below: Brigadier Hugh Norman,
Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid,
Brigadier Jack d'Avigdor-
Goldsmid & Mrs. Hugh Norman

Opposite: Lady Elizabeth Lindsay-Bethune,
daughter of the Earl & Countess of Lindsay,
helped train the Kandahar Club juniors



Above: Mrs. Leslie
Culverwell and her
daughter Katrina.
They come from
Hampshire

Miss Diana Lyle
(daughter of Col. &
Mrs. M. Lyle) with
Sandra Butter
(daughter of Major &
Mrs. D. Butter)



The Marchioness of Lothian (above) with her
seven-year-old daughter Lady Clare Kerr.
Left: Her eldest daughter, Lady Mary Kerr



NEWS PORTRAITS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IDA M.



PARTNERS Casper Wrede and James H. Lawrie are respectively producer and executive of the new 59 Theatre Company which is to present a 24-week season of plays by Ibsen, Otway, Strindberg and Buechner at the Lyric, Hammersmith. They open with *Danton's Death* next Tuesday. Mr. Wrede, 29, was responsible for the Olivier *John Gabriel Borkman* production on ATV and for *Women of Troy* on BBC television. Mr. Lawrie is chairman of the British Film Academy. He produced the films *Pacific Destiny* and *The Scamp*

PAINTER John Bratby, a leader in the British Realist School, has a one-man show opening at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, on February 5. He did the Gulley Jimson paintings for the film of Joyce Cary's novel *Horse's Mouth*, the choice for the Royal Film Performance next month. On the portrait side his sitters include Jeremy Sandford and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser. His favourite hobby is collecting junk-shop oddities. The exotic carved chair in his Blackheath studio was found for him by his wife.



TING Sir George Wilkinson, Lord Mayor of London in the "blitz" year 1940-1, has retired after more 35 years of public service. The senior alderman at 73, as represented Aldersgate since 1933. To him the City the restoration of the legendary giants Gog and Magog originals perished when Guildhall was bombed. Sir George, whose hobbies are gardening, golf and travelling, lives in London. He has two children and three grandchildren



Helen Hugh predicts that Hammersmith—where she lives—will be next on the list of London's improving addresses

The social climb of W.6

You did say West Six, Madam?" The incredulous Edith Evans scorn once greeted any shopper shyly asking for delivery of purchases to London's western fringe. Hammersmith was unmentionable—a district unrecognized by the silky-black salesladies of s.w.3 or 7.

"Belgravia" or even "Bayswater" might appear boldly (if unnecessarily) embossed across the best writing-paper. But letters from this western no-man's-land bore the minimum "w.6" demanded by the postmaster and left the recipient to discover the worst.

When conscientious families moved house—and deprived father of a garden and mother of the maid ("She just won't stay *that* side of London")—to live within a short-legged march of the several famous Hammersmith schools, their sacrifice to scholarship put them socially out of bounds. The classiest kindergarten colleagues came from Kensington. And many a proud nanny—bound for a reciprocal tea—was led far afield by garbled directions to a home "actually nearer Chiswick" or (how horrid that our tiny minds believed it smarter) "close to Baron's Court."

These were the burdens of my own prewar prep-school days; the awful truths which furled my pudgy fists and furrowed my brow beneath its regulation black scuttle hat—the disguise which hid my shame from shop assistants and nine-year-olds on east-bound buses.

The postwar housing difficulties produced a more lenient, if rather condescending, attitude. More intellectual acquaintances said: "Hammersmith? There are some charming houses . . . on the river." The only reply was silence. The

Georgian beauties within swan's cry of the bridge are all too few and to tread the same homeward path as William Morris or watch the sunset Turner saw beyond Catherine of Braganza's elm trees is a rare privilege indeed.

But 1958 marked Hammersmith on the social map. The sudden bulge of Central London out to Knightsbridge—with the transfer of giant City firms to the new office blocks—has whirled Hammersmith up in its vacuum and sucked it several miles nearer the West End. Combined with a new road, a one-way swing of swifter traffic round the Broadway, a much publicised prep-school (patronized by peers), the promise of a fly-over and the impossibility of finding even a "leasehold investment" in Earls Court, the bulge has brought the bargain-home hunters in full cry on the rich scent of Hammersmith.

The vast bay-windowed horrors and the unbroken rows of dingy red brick villas are a challenge that the optimistic Victorian-conversion addict cannot ignore. The freehold prices leave cash to spare and the new settlers are spreading the message fast.

Where urchins swung on high spiked railings round the Green, gardens are suddenly cut away to form launching ramps for the plump and prosperous motor-cars ejected from the one-time basement dining-rooms.

A mop-headed bay tree (its coiffure, I suspect, kept trim by the recipes of Mrs. Elizabeth David) belies the red brick porch it guards. William Morris-y lilies twining their way over stained glass panels suddenly seem no longer "b & b,"

continued overleaf



STOKES JOKES

ROUNDAABOUT *continued*

but quaintly antique in their detergent-white hard-gloss door.

It's the full treatment, nothing less, for these Cinderella houses. Planned and put up by builders, they are seeing their first architects 60 years late. But not too late.

A house, once considered above-the-rest for having a primitive bath installed in a bedroom, now boasts two fully-chromium-gadged bathrooms—due to a neat piece of contrivance with half a landing and a tank cupboard. A back-boiler gives way to a thermostatic genie secretly gorging oil at its own whim. A deserted meter-hung cellar becomes a daily acquaintance as a warm, rush-carpeted hideout for raincoats, smog-scarves, snow-boots and dog leashes. And a back yard, once useful dustbinwise but blistering to the retinae, turns into a headily scented dream on the drawing-board of a garden-planning wizard.

Though modern builders are not exactly elfin shoemakers for speed—the clinking of magic-making hammers has surrounded me for 13 months now and will probably continue for a few more—it never fails to comfort me that “*it will be worth it in the end.*”

Besides, as a Hammersmith resident one soon acquires an affection for the old borough. The casual passer-by, seeing only the hoardings, the interweaving traffic and the gigantic, cloaked port-drinker against his neon background, can-

not easily understand this. But strolling through this district one may uncover an amazing number of literary and artistic ghosts. Here in Hammersmith Charles Keene found inspiration for his *Punch* drawings; “Ouida” poured out her risqué romances; George Heming Mason painted his pastoral scenes and Fanny’s father, Dr. Burney, started a school.

One imagines Henry Irving haunting the Shakespeare classes at the girls’ school that now occupies the site of his house, while, in a tiny cottage in the next road, the shade of Leigh Hunt might still be penning his hundredth volume.

The memory of Nigel Playfair and the theatrical interest he brought to the borough is kept green by an avenue named after him but, strangely enough, George IV’s prosperous cook Louis Weltje was similarly honoured.

Even within a trapeze swing of Olympia there is the house where Coleridge lived.

So popular was Hammersmith in the nineteenth century that Thomas Faulkner seems to have been completely carried away by his enthusiasm. In 1839 he wrote, “The health and longevity of the inhabitants is a sufficient proof of the general salubrity of the district. The easterly winds are rendered much more temperate by passing over the numerous fires and gas-lights of the metropolis.”

Now, after half a century of

decline, I predict a Hammersmith revival. How strangely apt are the words William Morris wrote to his wife after finding their Hammersmith home: “The house could easily be done up at a cost of money . . . you will find that you won’t get a garden or a house with much character unless you go out about as far as the Upper Mall.” This is just what I and many others are discovering for ourselves in 1959.

But, if I had any remaining doubts about my choice, a trip to the end of my road would reassure me. For there I find: *the theatre*, where I can see pre-West End runs . . . *the market*, beckoning with luscious fruit but warning (just in time) “do not squeeze me until I am yours” . . . the treasure trove of *chain stores*, fashionably frequented by so many Top People for nylon nonsenses and children’s clothes . . . *the snack bar*, bright with girls and boys from the TV studio . . . *the mammoth factory*, drenching the traffic fumes with the sickly smell of Swiss rolls . . . and *the bright red trains and buses* which jog me up to town on weekdays or out to Hampton Court on Sundays, either in a matter of minutes.

These are the amenities which make me happy to be in the vanguard of the return to Hammersmith. I have become devoted to it all—even to the frighteningly Sovietic-looking Town Hall and the hula-hoop contest at the Palais.

BRIGGS by Graham





The Comtesse, daughter of a British baronet, in her drawing-room

A LAKESIDE MANSION IN SWITZERLAND

*L'Elysée, in Ouchy-Lausanne, home of the
Comte & Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues,
photographed by BRODRICK HALDANE*





The wide hall and stairs. The portrait on the right is by the 18th-century painter John Russell



The Comtesse's bedroom. The Directoire bed has grey and coral satin hangings. The walls are Chinese blue

L' is an 18th-century French style mansion. It was given to the Comtesse by her father, the late Sir John Latta, Bt., after her first marriage to the late Marquis de Cramayel.

The mansion has historical associations with Voltaire, Mme de Stael and Mme Recamier. Its finely proportioned rooms contain a magnificent collection of French furniture, portraits and heirlooms.

The Comte and Comtesse were married in London in 1947. She is well known for her work on behalf of English and French charities.

The small drawing-room. The painting of the Cramayel family is by David

Ho
CONTINUED

The snow-covered terrace and grounds overlook Lake Geneva and the French Alps



Portrait of Comte Chevreau d'Antraigues's mother by Lembach which hangs in the drawing-room

Tapestry in the dining-room was a gift from Queen Christina of Sweden to a Chevreau d'Antraigues ancestor

The dining-room has green and gold walls, tiger-skin covered chairs.

Bottom, right: The ground-floor study. On the wall hang portraits by the Comte de Poret, who has drawn the Royal Family

me of a comtesse

The furnishings of the main drawing-room reflected in the mirror above the fireplace



THERE WERE ONLY TWO OF US—"GODI" Michel and me. We got to Lauterbrunnen at about four o'clock, and took the Mürren funicular. At the top we left the station on foot, and for more than an hour climbed steadily upward through the trees. Michel led the way. The pace seemed slow at first—each step studied, deliberate and sure. After a while I realized that it was exactly right; that, even with burdens far heavier than the small rucksacks and rifles we carried we could have sustained the same gentle progress for hours on end. There was no talking. The only sounds were made by our footsteps and the rain falling through the pines.

By half past five we had cleared the tree-line and were following a track along the steep side of a valley. Unchecked now, a wind was blowing the rain hard against us. The cold struck even through a waterproof and the thick pullover underneath. The track became steeper. The wind increased. Drops of water ran down one's face and were salt upon the lips. The bottom of the valley was hidden in cloud, and darkness was coming quickly on.

I was wondering how much farther we had to go, and whether we would need our torches. Then Michel paused and pointed ahead of us, higher still. In the gloom I could see the darker outline of a hut and a chink of light at a window. I felt tired suddenly—glad that we had no farther to go.

It was good to reach shelter. Two other hunters were already there, and the stove was well stoked with pine logs. Food was cooking in a black iron pan. Michel and I had brought whisky with us, and we sat drinking by lamplight, happily aware that the hut's crude comfort was yet wholly sufficient. Later we climbed the ladder into the loft, and lay on the mattresses in the great box beds. There were blankets and *federbetten* to cover us. The sound of the wind and the rain made luxury out of comfort.

We rose at five, built the fire again, and breakfasted. Daylight came, and it was still raining. An hour went by before we could see to the far end of the valley. Then, braving the rain, the two other men took their packs and rifles and set out, leaving Michel and me alone.

As the morning wore on the sky grew lighter. Searching the valley through his binoculars, Michel suddenly said: "Look! Look there to the left of where that stream is falling over the smooth, black rock." I looked. I could see only a green patch of grass, and more rocks. "Wait," Michel said. I kept my glasses still. In a few moments there was a slight movement against the dark background, and I was able to see a graceful, gazelle-like creature that had lowered its head to graze.

There were seven chamois there in all. Some were lighter in appearance than the others. They seemed to be about the size of a roebuck, but their horns were unlike those of any other goatlike tribe of fauna—they were almost vertical and curved backward at the tips. We watched for a while. The animals never kept their heads down for long. After a few seconds grazing they would stand still again—heads erect, listening, sniffing the air. "When they're afraid," Michel said, "they whistle through their noses. It's very odd."

Hunting the chamois

It's one of the rarest and most elusive of game, and the season lasts only two weeks. Nigel Buxton reports

While we waited in the hut I asked Michel about chamois. "They're something between a goat and an antelope," he said. "Almost every high mountain range of Europe has them, though they're a bit different in each locality and go by different names." I asked if there were many in Switzerland. Michel said there were. They were protected by law. The season was for two weeks only, and no hunter could shoot more than three beasts during that time. About 1,000 were shot in the Bernese Oberland every year. They tasted like venison, Michel said; but he kept only the liver and sent the rest to be eaten elsewhere.

By ten o'clock the rain had stopped, and we left the hut. The next three hours we spent looking for, and looking at, chamois. We found two herds of them, one with more than 20 beasts grazing close together. "There are no old males with them," Michel said, "they won't join the herds until the mating season begins in a few weeks' time."

By two o'clock we were hungry and we sat with our backs against a boulder, eating sausage and bread. We were more than 7,000 feet above sea level. When the sun shone, we were warm. When the clouds rolled up from below, we felt cold, and were grateful for our whisky. We rested only for a short while, and then set out towards three chamois that Michel had spotted by themselves, away from a herd. We had been wondering what had become of the two hunters who had shared the hut with us. Suddenly we knew. A puff of smoke appeared from a fold in the ground, a shot sounded, and the three chamois were off, bounding across the boulder-strewn slope, leaping from shelf to shelf along the great rock wall, making their way with incredible speed by seemingly impossible paths. "Bad shooting," Michel said. "They should have got one from there. Now we shall be lucky if we get near another chamois for the rest of the afternoon."

We got our chamois on the way home. As we turned our backs on the higher slopes and set off downwards, Michel said: "We might find that big buck we saw yesterday—the one we spotted in the scrub just above the treeline." I thought him too hopeful. With

so much territory to roam in, why should the buck be waiting for us still today?

But Michel was right, of course. We had been walking for about 20 minutes when he stopped suddenly and gestured to me to keep still. He was looking up the slope to our right. I looked, too, but even with the glasses I could see nothing more than patches of low bushes and rocks, and the bare cliff behind Michel gestured again, cautioning me, telling me to get down. We crouched, and moved carefully behind a great boulder. Michel took the cover from his telescopic sights and slipped an 8mm. cartridge into the breech of his rifle.

"Where's the chamois?" I said.

"You see that clump of dark scrub?" replied Michel, "the one with the grey rock just to the right?" I nodded. "Just between the scrub and the rock and up a bit, there's a little plateau—look there."

I focused my binoculars on the far rock and searched upwards and to the left. About 400 yards away on a narrow, grass-covered shelf a chamois was standing, his head turned into the wind, his whole body alert, motionless. I was still looking when Michel fired. The buck seemed to leap up and out and sideways, and crashed into the scrub. The sound of the shot echoed about the valley, and died only after what seemed a long while.

The buck had died instantly. After a ten-minute scramble up the steep slope, we found it lying a few feet from the shelf, half-hidden in the bushes that had closed around it. The shot had taken it in the neck, just above the shoulder. Michel looked at the buck and said with genuine regret: "Poor chammy!" Then, to me: "You know, it's really only the hunting that I like. I know the numbers have to be kept down, but I never get any pleasure from a kill."

Darkness caught us before we had quite reached the funicular again. We left the chamois there and arranged to get it in the morning. The ticket-collector looked at the buck and said: "He's a big one!" Two peasants, smelling of goat, said: "There's plenty of meat on him, too." Michel and I went home to baths and more whisky and early bed.



“Suddenly he said: “Look.” There was a slight movement against the dark background (above, right). . . . He took the cover from his telescopic sights, and slipped an 8 mm. cartridge into the breech (right). . . . The buck had died instantly. The shot had taken it in the neck, just above the shoulder (above) ”



Off the beaten slopes

by K. WESTCOTT JONES

*Ski-ing is tame,
say some experts,
compared with the
snow sports to
be enjoyed
farther afield
than the Alps*

EVERY winter a new crop of recruits swells the crowds at the ski resorts of Europe, the older hands move on from the nursery slopes and seek new valleys to conquer. Hence travel agencies form what are virtually exploration parties in order to "discover" exciting villages perched attractively below—or even above—virgin *pistes*. But creative agencies do not explore beyond the confines of the established winter sports zones—largely because demand is not great enough. For individualists there are, however, fine snow sports to be found off the beaten slopes.

A handful of Britons, but considerably more knowledgeable North Europeans, seek out the finest ski-ing region in the world, which is among the dales and fells of Finnish Lapland. Here, among a peace and quiet which is almost ghostly yet incredibly thrilling, they sweep across the gentle snow slopes, unencumbered by trees or other obstructions, confident that correct snow conditions will be maintained from early December even to as late as mid-May.

Finland has much to offer the individualist, connoisseur skier. Possibly the gem resort—if an undulating area of virgin whiteness around one hospitable Tourist Association inn may be termed a resort—is Pallastunturi. But the most popular is Lahti, an international snow sports station two hours north of Helsinki by road or rail, which has been chosen three times for the World Ski Championships and is always host to the Finnish Salpausselka Winter Games. Right up north beyond the Arctic Circle in Lapland, close to the Swedish, Finnish and Norwegian border, is Kilpisjärvi, where a good transit inn caters for the rugged skier who really knows what he (or

she) wants from the snow surface, unaided by chair lifts or funicular railways.

In winter a land of more than 60,000 frozen lakes and vast expanses of fine ski-ing terrain, Finland may seem a sub-zero, remote place. But the hard cold and thick snow do not disrupt Finnish transport—they even increase it, for Finnair, the country's national airline which flies to London, has a domestic network which is the densest in northern Europe, serving a dozen small towns and villages, even as far north as Ivalo on the 68th parallel of latitude, with ski and wheel equipped airliners, at threepence a mile!

The snow sports enthusiast need not look north for his off-beat slopes, though. He can turn south, to Turkey! This season, Turkey has made a reasonably successful bid to interest visitors in a couple of winter sports areas in Anatolia. Across the Sea of Marmora not very far from Istanbul, the 7,000-ft. bulk of Mount Uludag rears up above the snowbound resort of Bursa. As well as possessing a big hotel and several inns catering to skiers, Bursa is a thermal spa; this town was the earliest Ottoman capital. Another Anatolian centre for ski-ing is Elmadag, near Ankara, modern capital of Turkey created by Kemal Ataturk.

Not far from Turkey are some of the longest and straightest ski-ing runs in the Northern Hemisphere. They are to be found high in the Lebanese Mountains. People come from all over the world for the double pleasure of staying 6,000 ft. up amid the massive cedars of Lebanon and ski-ing from the 10,000-ft. level down past the cedars at the foot of Jebel Makhmal. Two excellent winter sports hotels and a ski lift have been built in this area, at Basharre.

Now that peace has returned to the Lebanon, tourists are going there again. I saw many, especially those bound for the snow slopes, during the middle of December. One of the incredible and fascinating things to do on a winter's morning is to ski in the mountains behind Beirut, then drive in a fast car down the splendid highway to the Mediterranean, and take a swim in the warm sea. From skis to swimming takes only half an hour!

A place with similar attractions—and similar troubles—is Algeria. Owing to the rebel activities, it is not exactly recommended to visitors at the present time, but it is worth noting that in the province of Constantine not far from the spectacular gorge-split city of that name, an area of the Aures Mountains offers fine ski-ing in January and February. The strong southern sun, unable at high altitude to melt the winter snows, nevertheless imparts a terrific tan and this is one of those places one sees pictures of—yet never somehow encounters—where skiers hurtle down mountainsides in swim suits.

Though the average person does not associate Spain with snow, the Madrileños enjoy their ski-ing without making much of a journey. The nearby Guadarrama Mountains are criss-crossed with ski trails, and in January and February you can spend an exciting week or so up there where the elite of the Spanish capital have created a chic Spanish St. Moritz above the sunburned Mesa.

While south of the accepted snow countries, let me mention the region which has the *largest* area of perfect ski-ing terrain in the world, with slopes to suit all tastes, clear weather, plenty of inns, hotels, huts, ski schools, ski lifts and roads. This is in Australia, no less—that great continent where so many Australians claim they have never seen snow! High in the Victorian and New South Wales Alps, around Mount Kosciuszko, many thousands of Melbourne and Sydney people come each weekend from May to October, the great majority of them highly proficient in a sport their country imported.

You can't reliably ski in South Africa save for odd cold spells among the Hottentot's Holland and



"That'll give them something to think about"

Drakensburgs, but should you be so odd that ski-ing must be sought out even during the European summer, then the other Southern Hemisphere region apart from Australia where well-developed resorts and snow slopes await is around San Carlos de Bariloche, in the south of Argentina, and over the Chilean border.

For those who want something more exciting than ski-ing and tobogganning, new ideas in less established areas are catching on. Perhaps the most successful is the pony-drawn ski tour across the wastes of Norway's Hardanger Plateau, a sport restricted to experienced party members who have proficiency badges issued by the Ski Club of Great Britain.

In the great Austrian province of Styria, over the Semmering Pass from Vienna, there's a valley called the Enns where they really want speed on their skis, even uphill. Here they have relays of motor cycles which tow undaunted skiers at high speed for modest sums of money. Motor-cycle ski races are held, too—one of the most dangerous and exciting winter sports to be seen. Styria is full of winter surprises, incidentally, and it is strange no agencies have yet taken it apart piecemeal. At present its

valleys and slopes are semi-virgin, and small guest-houses think they are charging high season rates when they ask for 18s. 6d. a day for a room, sun balcony, and all meals. . . .

Iron Curtain countries are alive to the increasing demand for snow sports and atmosphere. Czechoslovakia successfully leads the way at Krknoze in Bohemia and among the High Tatras. Cedok, the national tourist organization, has established international hotels and ski trails there. Poland, too, is in the field (led by the State tourist body called Orbis) and Krynica, in the south of the country, is not only a spa but has a new ski-jump ready for keener enthusiasts. Intourist of Russia would, of course, be ready to point to a million square miles of winter snow ready for the skier, but the trouble there is finding steep enough slopes to gain momentum.

No doubt some of the places mentioned seem unusual to the Briton contemplating winter sports away from the crowd. But believe me, the inhabitants of those parts would agree that there was nothing so unusual as setting up a ski jump in London—with snow imported from Norway!



At Pallastunturi, Finland, reindeer sledges take skiers up the slopes. This is said to be the finest ski-ing region of all



In the Enns Valley in Styria, Austria, motor cycles tow skiers at exciting speeds

CINEMA

Peaceful Peck stops the feudin'

by ELSPETH GRANT

*Carroll (Baby Doll) Baker
fails to keep a grip
on Gregory Peck, her
fiancée in The Big Country*



THE HERO OF almost any Western you can name has usually been able to out-draw any unfriendly character he came up against, on the range after a long day's riding or in the saloon after a long night's drinking, or where you please—and he has clearly held the view that unless a man had cultivated this talent he might as well be dead (and doubtless would be pretty soon).

Mr. Gregory Peck, as a retired ship's captain from Baltimore who comes to Texas to marry the spoilt daughter (Miss Carroll Baker) of a cattle king (Mr. Charles Bickford), is the hero of Mr. William Wyler's spacious and splendid film, *The Big Country*—but he has a more civilized outlook than the old-timers. He doesn't subscribe to the kill-or-be-killed school of thought and seems downright determined to acquire the reputation of being slower on the draw than anyone in the entire State.

As he rides with his betrothed to her father's home, Mr. Peck has his first encounter with the worst of the local yokels—the hooligan sons of Mr. Burl Ives (Mr. Bickford's nearest neighbour and sworn enemy). In his smart city clothes, Mr. Peck is made their butt and subjected to some rough horseplay. Miss Baker, her eyes snapping with fury and humiliation, is for shooting them down like the dawgs they are—but Mr. Peck, confiscating her rifle, says pacifically that he put up with harsher “hazing” at college, and leaves it at that. This sort of thing doesn't go down at all well in Texas.

Mr. Peck has other foibles which disturb Miss Baker and Mr. Bickford: he will not give them a laugh by mounting the notoriously unrideable horse provided for him with typical Texan hospitality by his host, he refuses to be drawn into a public fight with the ranch foreman, Mr. Charlton Heston, and when Mr. Bickford and his men ride off to beat up Mr. Ives's boys, he declines an invitation to accompany them.

For years Mr. Bickford and Mr. Ives have involved their families and hired hands in a feud over possession of Big Muddy—a neighbouring ranch belonging to Miss Jean Simmons who is disinclined to sell to either but has granted both the right to water their cattle at the river running through her land. Mr. Peck, who reckons that the feud is basically a matter of personal hatred and jealousy between the two old men and has caused far too much bloodshed already, persuades Miss Simmons to sell him Big Muddy in the belief that he will be able to restore and maintain peace.

Before he can even declare his good intentions Miss Baker, mistaking his sanity for weakness, breaks off her engagement to him. He does not mind much—and anyway soon has other things to occupy him, for Mr. Ives's mob kidnap Miss Simmons and Mr. Bickford's bunch, riding to her rescue, seem bent upon getting themselves killed in a well-contrived but foreseeable ambush. Mr. Peck is able to avert the threatened wholesale slaughter—and it looks as if the West may one day learn that feudin' and fightin' are not the best way of getting along with the folks next door.

Mr. Wyler directs with a great feeling for the wide open spaces and his impressive film is best when he and his horsemen make full use of them. In the more intimate scenes action is too often held up while slow, hostile glances are exchanged (Mr. Heston's ego blazes at Mr. Peck's, which smoulders right back) and then one becomes conscious of the picture's length—two and three-quarter hours.

Miss Simmons, who has developed interesting shadows below the cheekbones, gives a most sympathetic performance. Miss Baker, pulling her petulant little mouth down grimly at the corners, is no longer a “Baby Doll” but a young tigress doomed to have her claws clipped. The rogue horse, which Mr.

Peck, in his own time and on his own terms, successfully tames, is an equine comedian of genius. Mr. Burl Ives, described by Mr. Bickford as “something out of the Stone Age,” looked and sounded to me like something out of the Old Testament via *A Hot Tin Roof* but undeniably rants and thunders to great effect. The sweeping landscape is magnificently presented in Technirama and Technicolor—and if it at times dwarfs man and his troubles into insignificance, doubtless this was the intention of the film's producers, Messrs. Wyler and Peck.

There is only one reason why you should see *Auntie Mame*—the film of the play of the novel by Mr. Patrick Dennis, about the bringing-up of a ten-year-old boy by his scatty New York aunt in the late 1920s—and that is for Miss Rosalind Russell's dazzling performance in the title rôle. The film is no more than a collection of brisk sketches—Auntie Mame as an eccentric hostess, as a bewildered switchboard operator, a demented salesgirl, a show-wrecking actress, a petrified rider to hounds, a globe-trotting wife, a slightly distraught widow, the suffering guest of a pair of odious “hearties,” and again the eccentric hostess, this time taking revenge upon her guests for the hours of boredom spent in their company.

Miss Russell invests her “impressions” with such wit and elegance and, at the same time, such warmth and tenderness that I was wholly enchanted. Is the relationship between aunt and nephew over-sentimentalized? Perhaps—but I still think you will be moved by her sorrow at finding her darling boy growing up to be a prig and a snob, and you can scarcely fail to admire the resolution with which she plans to reclaim him, though the methods she uses are admittedly a trifle too whimsical to be credible. Miss Russell has been lovingly photographed in a variety of exquisite gowns and kaleidoscopic coiffures—and looks adorable in all of them.

It is clear from *The Young Have No Time* that Danish teenagers are as much of a problem to their parents as our own are. Froken Ghita Norby and Herr Frits Helmuth, a touching pair of young lovers, incline me to the belief that youth deserves to win the perpetual battle of the generations. An understanding film—Danish dialogue, English subtitles.

The Big Country—Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, Burl Ives, Charles Bickford. Directed by William Wyler.

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, Coral Browne, Fred Clark, Jan Handzlik. Directed by Morton DaCosta.

The Young Have No Time—Ghita Norby, Anne Werner Thomson, Frits Helmuth. Directed by Johannes Allen. “X” Certificate.

THIS
WEEK'S
FILMS

THEATRE

A jungle "Journey's End"

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

GENERALS of the last war have found a big market for their memoirs. This good fortune as authors is that they feel strongly about each other's mistakes in generalship. So strongly do they feel that the public gets the impression that a dog-fight well worth watching is in progress. There have been one or two good war plays. They have not caught on and started the long-anticipated boom, it may be chiefly because the authors seem to have found no mistakes either in war itself or in the conduct of a particular war about which they could talk strongly.

They have been quite satisfied to exploit the humours and excitements simply, with an eye for their entertainment value; and this eye so far has not appeared to be high.

The latest piece, *The Long And The Short And The Tall*, at the Royal Court Theatre, has its faults, but the neutral-mindedness of the author is not one of them. Mr. Willis Hall sees war as "purely disgusting." It is a business, according to him, which dooms the well-meaning, the foolish and the brutal, the heroic, the frivolous and the cowardly alike to futility.

His play is little more than an incident. A

patrol lost in the Malayan jungle during the swift Japanese advance on Singapore has the ill-luck to take a prisoner and while trying to decide what to do with this human encumbrance the men of the patrol are wiped out. There is only one survivor, a corporal who has itched from the first to kill the prisoner, and he is left at curtain fall waving a white flag, an important if rather despicable realist to the last.

But this mere incident has been put on to the stage with more dramatic cunning than is visible on the surface. Mr. Hall has been blamed for letting the men talk too much before they realize their danger, but the boisterous and bawdy ragging and quarrelling that goes on before the prisoner is captured are, it seems to me, preparing all the time for what is going to happen. The cynical, trouble-making Cockney and all the others whom he amuses or exasperates talk as soldiers talk, but the point to be noted is that they talk as soldiers talk when their nerves are on edge.

Their jungle reconnaissance has already got them down a bit. They quarrel much more readily than they would if they were back in camp, and, as sympathies switch to and fro,

fleeting alliances are formed, but there is no real warmth in these alliances. It may suit a north countryman to defend a youngster from his Cockney tormentor. The next moment the youngster and the bully-ragging Cockney are on the same side, and the north countryman is prudently dissociating himself from what seems to him a dangerous rebellion against authority.

A deep sense of unease underlies all the persiflage and badinage; this unease communicates itself to the audience, growing more and more sensitive to mounting tension.

My feeling is that the best writing in the play is almost over before the action proper has begun. Once the patrol has the Japanese prisoner on its hands the dialogue loses its early subtlety and is not always adequate to its more straightforward purpose. This purpose is to show the successive changes in the status of the prisoner. Except for the toughly realistic corporal, most of the men are happy enough to regard their acquisition as a curiosity. He seems hardly human and they treat him much asurchins would a puppy, teasing him or teaching him tricks.

Bit by bit it dawns on them that he is a man like themselves, with wife and kiddies whose photographs he displays with fond pride. And it is at the point at which the curiosity has become recognizably human that the poor wretch becomes a liability. Once they know that they are surrounded and must make a forlorn dash for it through the jungle, how can they carry a prisoner? They are caught between the claims of military necessity and humanitarian instincts which revolt at killing a man in cold blood.

The author's case is that it is in the nature of war that no right choice is possible. The well-meaning chivalry of the trouble-making Cockney is disastrous, bringing death to both captive and captor. And the champion of military necessity lives to surrender.

This may be the logical end of Mr. Hall's argument, but I am far from sure that the logical end of an essentially romantic scene on the stage is the white flag. Romance lives by a logic of its own. Mr. Peter O'Toole, as the Cockney, and Mr. Robert Shaw, as a deeply perplexed sergeant with the lives of the patrol in his hands, lead with distinction an excellent cast directed with plenty of feeling by Mr. Lindsay Anderson.



Private Smith played by
Bryan Pringle



Kenji Takaki, as the
Japanese prisoner
who becomes a
liability, and Peter
O'Toole, the cynical,
trouble-making
Cockney, Private
Bamforth



Eighteenth-century soldier: Lt.-Col. Tarleton by I.R. Smith. From *The Green Dragoon* (Tarleton's life) by Robert D. Bass (Alvin Redman, 30s.)

Twentieth-century portrait: "White Lace" by John Carroll. From *The Story of Modern Art* by U.S. artist Sheldon Cheney (Methuen, 45s.)



BOOKS I AM READING

An unsorrowful childhood

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

TO SAY, EVEN IN a small apologetic voice, that a book has charm is now to write it off as escapist, out of touch with life, and probably snobbish into the bargain. *Cricket On The Grass*, by K. de B. Codrington (Faber 21s.) is about the childhood of the author, before the 1914 war. He was sent home from India to live with a sensible aunt, and nothing more violent is contained in the book than some poaching for trout and a little plum-stealing from an orchard. All the same, it is crammed with life and its charm is simple, clear and sunny, not winsome or arch. The children are real and not romanticized by nostalgia and hind-sight.

The boy-narrator is called Kaye. His great friend, who vanishes for ever before the book is ended, is a dark, thin girl called Margaret. Mr. Codrington conveys not only the feeling of a sheltered, lonely yet unsorrowful childhood, but implies the secretive, puzzled tolerance of the children's attitude towards their grown-ups. One of the best sections in the book concerns Kaye's visit to the family of a magnificent baronet (known to his children as Bart. They also refer to the eldest son as The Heir). The children meet their mother once a week for ceremonial tea and eat supper in state alone while Bart dines by himself, sometimes sending down to them half a bottle of port as a mark of approval. Kaye's aunt is accompanying his uncle in Africa meanwhile, and writes to him magnificently but without the slightest surprise: "Safari is only the Indian Shikar in a different place, and

nobody knows your Uncle Edward as I do. Like you, he is very fond of Mulligatawny soup and anchovies. His tastes are really very simple, but everything must be of the very best."

My disenchanted reviewer's heart that so often suffers the cardiac equivalent of housemaid's knee, warmed and blossomed with *Cricket On The Grass*, not least because it is elegantly written with the utmost simplicity, warmth and gentleness. It seems as though Mr. Codrington loved writing it—which is not to say that his style is in the least self-indulgent. I have not enjoyed a book about childhood-remembered so much since the extraordinary *Morning*, which is saying a great deal. *Morning* made a world of glass, a world inside a paper-weight; *Cricket On The Grass* could not break so easily.

Miss Doris Langley Moore is a remarkable writer who is an authority on Byron (among other subjects) and has recently had the unique opportunity of working on the Lovelace Papers (the closely-guarded Byron family documents). This sprung the idea (a marvellous one—why has it struck no one before?) for a literary-crime novel with a title as good as its plot—*My Caravaggio Style* (Cassell, 15s.). A young, unsuccessful author-turned-bookseller, with a keen interest in Byron, aims to catch the money of an American dealer in manuscripts with a forgery of the Byron Memoirs that were burnt in John Murray's grate (though more than one contemporary copy was made by

hand). Byron, of course, takes over with his customary genius for causing trouble, and creates personal jealousy, consternation, and final havoc. The book is extremely ingenious down to the last detail of the forger's writing materials. In spite of the fact that I find it difficult to believe in books written by women in a masculine first person singular, the hoaxer's character is entirely credible—though I wish he could have been a slightly more charming rogue. His calculated stratagems are told briskly and heartlessly in a mannered style that is in itself almost a Byron pastiche. The tone of voice is dry, amused, intrigued. It is an entertaining piece of literary doodling for fun, with a thread of serious comment and sharp perception ("You Byron enthusiasts," says the American dealer with ferocious accuracy, "always go on as if the man had died last week.")

As a fervent and frequently breathless fan of Dornford Yates, I heartily recommend *I-Berry And I Look Back* (Ward Lock, 6s.), an amazing book of reflections and reminiscences on the Bar, the advisability of capital punishment, the old school, the advice of some critics who are not of the old school, the hall-marks of silver, the cutting diamonds, the beastliness of Oscar Wilde, many other fascinating topics. The old days have moved from White Ladies to a village where they are living quietly with a good cook and three maids who take a pleasure in their work, just like the old days. Time is creeping on a bit, but silences are still eloquent and electric, and the gales of laughter still set everyone wailing and roaring and fighting for self-control. And I forget Igham is still housekeeping and the foreigners so polite, you wouldn't leave it. I pray it never, never stops.

I am not much of an enthusiast for biographies of great actors, who rarely convince me of having been interesting when off the stage, and their on-stage personalities seem harder still to recreate with any semblance of life. *The Life And Times Of Frederick Lemaître*, by Robert Giddick (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.) in fact entertained me greatly—it has the advantage of a wild and super-romantic subject, and the background of the Boulevard du Crime in its great uproarious days. Perhaps what depresses me most is the similarity in the pattern of star actors' lives—idolatry and fame passing into squalor, poverty, sickness and almost instant oblivion. Lemaître was no exception.

Lastly, two bloods—Mary Fitt's *Mizmaze* (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.) a nice little problem about a bunch of unpleasant persons and who killed Father with a croquet mallet; and Ngaio Marsh's *Singing In The Shrouds* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), a beautifully professional variation on an old-fashioned theme, involving a bunch of suspects on a sea-voyage—a queer steward, a mannish lady who sings plainsong in a counter-tenor's voice, a remarkably horrid sequence of fancy multiple murders, and the impeccable Superintendent Alleyn, writing loving letters home to Troy and tantalizing the lady passengers with his suave gorgeousness. Enslaved by Alleyn as I am, I am nevertheless beginning to find him too *sans peur* and *sans* any possible *reproche*. A tiny lapse, perhaps, on the next voyage? Just a little flaw. . . .

RECORDS

The slavery of tradition

by GERALD LASCELLES

THE mainstay of jazz in Britain has long rested in the traditional movement. Public support for bands which adhere to this style is enormous; I am mystified by the slavish devotion to the repetition of old numbers culled from the standard repertoire of the classic New Orleans bands. Most of the groups which are active in this field are semi-professional, and for this reason they lack some of the experience which breeds the highest quality of performance in jazz. Not least of the attributes demanded by traditional approach is a high standard of playing from the rhythm section, a point which is often overlooked by their leaders.

Wally Fawkes' Troglodytes are a happy exception to my main criticisms of the trend in traditional performances. They effectively recapture some of the joys which came from the Deep South and its long line of great clarinet players. Mr. Fawkes moulds his style somewhere between Bechet's and Dodd's, but with his own twists added to make a very personal addition to the music. His rhythm section is well and wisely led by pianist Lennie Felix; the results are favourably comparable with most contemporary American groups.

Dave Carey's Band swings competently for most of its long session on Tempo, but there are unaccountable lapses which mar the results in my eyes. I have heard his band play so much better, yet find it hard to pinpoint this deficiency; there is a happy-go-lucky atmosphere about the session which has perhaps made the performers too casual.

Terry Lightfoot's Jazzmen make the right sounds on a well-balanced Columbia E.P., successfully demonstrating the value of a fully developed ensemble. Of equal merit is the work of the Christie Brothers' Stompers; their choice of *The Golden Striker*, a Modern Jazz Quartet original, is excellent. It was a loss to traditional jazz when this group disbanded five years ago; brother Keith took his trombone to Ted Heath, and brother Ian now weaves his clarinet into the crisp ensemble of Mick Mulligan's band.

For some astonishing reason the Teddy Layton Band, another home-bred group, claims to play "cool" traditional jazz, but the contradiction in terms escapes me in the music. The carefully measured beat of a banjo dispels any laughable suggestion of coolness.

A reissue of Humphrey Lyttelton and his early 'fifties band makes good listening, and the Manchester-based Saints Jazz Band shows what a little experience can provide when it comes to making Dixieland swing.

British modernists have more to say, and some of them speak out boldly. Drummer Allan Ganley, persistent sessioner who was recently voted top drummer in the big British jazz poll for the second year running, calls his latest E.P. *The High Priest*. It is no misnomer, for he knows how to knit even a small group like his quartet into a musical entity. Canadian Art Ellefson makes the grade with some potent tenor saxophone work on the same tracks. Fellow drummer Jack Parnell runs a big band, which shows its pace in *Kick Off*, but disappoints me by its rather ponderous way of tackling the arrangements.

Tubby Hayes, another poll winning musician from the modern British school, plays all the saxophones, piano, and vibraphone in a Tempo E.P. which lacks the vigour of a true group recording. For once even the rotund Tubby has bitten off more than he can chew! Veteran tenorman Tommy Whittle, brings *A Touch of Latin* to the microphone in his Saga E.P., cleanly played with good solos and plenty of invention.

On the showing of the musicians mentioned in these paragraphs I personally view the modern scene with more hope than the traditional one. We have musicians who can and do match their American counterparts; for that we must thank the training ground provided by a handful of hard-hitting big bands, and I cannot overlook the fact that most great American jazzmen have come up the hard way, through the big band ranks.

SELECTED RECORDS

WALLY FAWKES

Fawkes On Holiday

Decca LF1312

CHRISTIE BROTHERS

10-in. L.P.
Together Again

£1 4s. 0d.
Parlophone GEP8719

TERRY LIGHTFOOT

E.P.
Trad

11s. 1½d.
Columbia SEG7851

ALLAN GANLEY

E.P.
The High Priest

11s. 1½d.
Saga ESAG7010

TOMMY WHITTLE

E.P.
A Touch Of Latin

6s. 3d.
Saga ESAG7008

TUBBY HAYES

E.P.
The Eighth Wonder

6s. 3d.
Tempo EXA82

13s. 7d.



For a day of light rain—a shower-proof jacket and skirt. The two-toned proofed poplin jacket by Charles Mackintosh can be worn with or without its belt and has a matching triangular head scarf. Here in two tones of tan it is also available in other colours price about £10 15s. 6d. from Dickins & Jones, London; John Jones, Manchester, and Binns, Carlisle. Aquascutum's smart wool gaberdine proofed skirt costs 6 gns. The gloves are made by Pullman



Rainwear has now become as varied as the weather. This strictly functional raincoat is modelled on the army trench coat but with contrast piping and buttons to lend femininity. It is in iridescent beige cotton gaberdine and fully lined with tan cotton poplin toning with the piping along the pockets. This coat is fully recommended for country wear on a really wet day. It costs 14 gns. and is obtainable at Aquascutum, Regent Street, W.1

Now elegance is weather-proof

Six pages of rainwear show the
cut for storm or shower—
with a choice for every woman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE

A Burberry with a new high fashion look. This proofed gaberdine coat is made in cornflower blue and lined with polka-dotted cotton in the same blue on white. The coat is cut on the smart tapering lines of the moment and worn with specially designed accessories. Simone Mirman made the matching proofed turban; James Smith & Sons the umbrella. The coat (only at Burberry, Haymarket) costs 16½ gns.





Michel Molinare

This Burberry in French cotton is printed with a large black and white houndstooth design. It is fully shower-proofed and lined with cherry-coloured taffeta. Collarless neckline and three-quarter length sleeves make it a good choice for town. Simone Mirman's white-proofed turban, umbrella from James Smith & Son, price 55s. The coat, only from Burberry, 22½ gns.

There's no need to look dowdy

Right: Paul Blanche's full-length coat of soft white capeskin with detachable ranch mink collar. This luxury wind and rainproofed coat can be cleaned simply by sponging with soap and water. At Debenham & Freebody, Kendal Milne, Manchester, R. W. Forsythe, Edinburgh & Glasgow, price: about 54 gns. with collar, 34 gns. without. Obtainable also in many other lovely colours at slightly lower cost

Below, left: A showerproof coat for formal occasions, imported by Junex from Sweden. In black iridescent poplin it has a high bow back and front and is cut on full lines so that it can be worn over full-skirted dresses. Also made in navy and obtainable at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, and Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge. Price: about 13½ gns. Ear-rings by Jewelfcraft

Below, right: Another weather coat for the woman who wants to look smart on a rainy day. This tailored coat in scarlet wool basket-weave cloth trimmed with matching grosgrain is fully showerproof and will give adequate protection in all but a persistent deluge. Made also in many other colours, this Dannimac is obtainable at Bourne & Hollingsworth, London, James Howell, Cardiff, and Leat & Thorp, York: 9 gns.





Left: Modern proofing and cut make coats that are practical and stylish. This Quelrayn weathercoat in green and black tweed has a rubberized backing that is completely waterproof. A matching pull-on hat is supplied with each coat.

From D. H. Evans, London; Kendal Milne, Manchester, & Thornton & Co., Bradford & Leeds, price: about £7 19s. 6d.



Michel Molinare

Below, left: The most practical general-purpose raincoat obtainable. Made by Haythornthwaite in their famous Grenfell cloth, it is wind, rain and snow-proof.

Their trench coat is lined in scarlet Grenfell cloth and is made in a vast range of colours. At Harrods: 11½ gns.

Below: A shower-proof coat specially designed for wet summer days. It is made of woven slub cotton printed with lime spots on a white ground. The low belt can be buttoned as shown or back on to the pockets. An Anglomag model at Simpson's, Piccadilly; John Walsh, Sheffield, & Daly's, Glasgow, but not until the end of February. Price: about £7 19s. 6d.

Gay coats
bring colour



Left: Another 100 per cent serviceable Grenfell cloth, three-quarter length, fly-fronted and lined with scarlet Viyella. An ideal coat for point-to-points and other sporting events, it is shown with Aquascutum's straight shower-proofed buff skirt: price 6 gns., and Morley's proofed gloves. The coat is £10 2s. 6d. at Harrods, Knightsbridge.

to brighten
rainy days

Telemac's light proofed cotton gaberdine overall coat, self-lined throughout to give double protection. It has large patch pockets, leather buttons and a draw-string waistline. Here in natural, but also obtainable in other colours. At Liberty's, Regent Street; Grant Brothers, Croydon, and Farron, Peterborough. Price: about 8 gns. Mushroom proofed gloves by Morley





IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

From an haute couture boutique

The exclusive Hardy Amies Boutique is on the ground floor of the lovely house at 14 Savile Row where the designer has his salon. Everything in the boutique is ready-to-wear but the collection has a distinctive character which comes from the fact that all the suits and coats and the accessories such as scarves, blouses and knitwear are designed by Hardy Amies himself. The coat and suit shown are fine examples of his cut. *Left:* The softest Linton tweed in a lime and black herringbone design makes this coat in which the bust-line is emphasized in front by an "open" seam and finished with two buttons. The back is simple and flares out to fall into a loose pleat at either side. *Right:* The companion suit is in a finer herringbone tweed with a semi-fitted, single-breasted jacket. The skirt springs softly from the hips into flat pleats. The coat and suit are "ready-to-wear" at its gns. each and are also available in good, lilac or light-blue herringbone tweed. Brown calf handbag and chunky gilt bracelets are from Fior. Christian Dior chapeaux at Dolores make the shiny plouchio green straw cloche



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER

SHOPPING

For easier living

by JEAN STEELE



With the Romix Super (£22) you can extract the juice from all kinds of fruit and vegetables



A peeler that takes all the work out of cleaning and preparing potatoes (£3 5s.)



Kitchen set: A palette knife (£1 2s. 6d.), damasco fork (16s.), steak spade (13s. 3d.), small knife (12s.) and the chopping board (19s. 6d.)

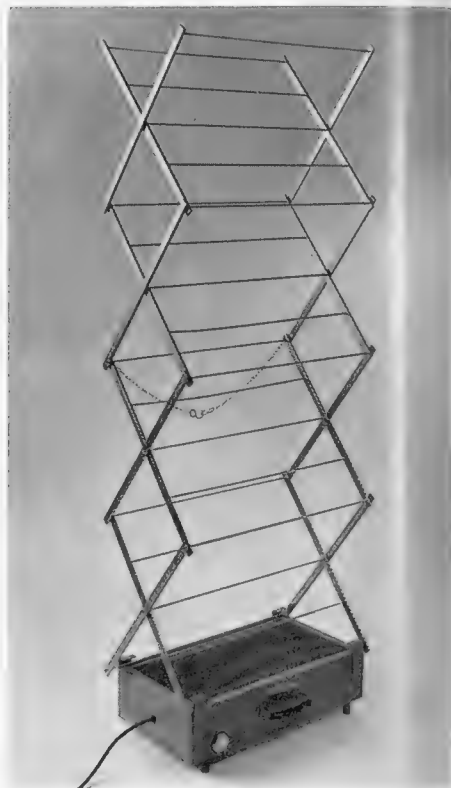


Right. The Russell Hobbs Crocus percolator combines elegance and usefulness (£5 2s. 5d.). From Heal's like the other items on this page



For the aroma of freshly ground coffee—a walnut home coffee mill (£2 3s. 6d.)

The quick and easy way to air clothes—a Morley Major de Luxe Airer (£19 10s.)



Dennis Smith

take LANCÔME CARE of BROKEN VEINS

CLEANSE with LANCÔME COLD CREAM

SOOTHE with Cooling TONIC BLUE

REMEDY with Stimulating JUVENALE

CAMOUFLAGE during treatment with special MAKE-UP

LANCÔME





BEAUTY

Shining in the snow

by JEAN CLELAND



Granada is the name of this short, classic style by Andreas. The hair, bouffant on top, is set close to the face and neck

HERE are some tips to help you feel and look your best on a winter-sports holiday. They can make such a difference to its success.

If you have time—that is if you are not going away for a couple of weeks or so—do take advice and go in for a little “pre-sport” activity in preparation. This is specially important if you have not done much skiing before. It will put you in the way of it, get you into training, and save a lot of muscular stiffness when you reach your destination. There are excellent ski-ing classes at Lillywhites and you can also buy some clever devices of different kinds for exercising at home.

Something else to think of before you depart: your feet. If sport is your objective, they will be in constant use. Get a reliable chiropodist to check them, and in addition to this, give them the luxury of a good pedicure. You will be well repaid when you get on the ice rink, or go climbing up the snowy slopes.

For the sake of ease and comfort after a strenuous day, take with you a bottle of Wiberg's Pine Essence. A few drops in the bath, when you come in after a day's sport, eases the limbs and is wonderfully refreshing. In addition to this, you will love the pine scent.

All the experts are agreed on the two chief things to do for the skin on a winter holiday—nourish it and protect it. Massage it every night with a really nutritive skin food. It will probably need something extra rich, and for this you could not do better than Elizabeth Arden's *Crème Extraordinaire*, which actually feeds the skin. For protection you will need one of the foundations specially designed to guard the complexion against sun and cold. There are a number of excellent makes to be had. The best thing to do is to ask one of the experts in a beauty salon, or in the beauty department of a good store, which is the right one for your particular type.

Take a lighter and more glamorous type of foundation for the evening. This can be a cream or a liquid, but most people find that a liquid gives a slightly more translucent look to the skin. If you are inclined to be pale, get a tinted one to give an underlying glow. On the other hand, if your skin tans easily (which is sometimes the case, even in winter if the sun is hot) be careful not to choose anything too light. There are lovely honey shades and delicate bronzes which go beautifully with a brown complexion.

To keep hands soft and smooth is not always easy when the atmosphere is cold. Unless you are wearing mackintosh or leather gloves, the snow is apt to seep in, and make

the hands damp, which leads to chapping. Extra care must be taken to guard against this, with good creams and lotions. Have a nourishing hand cream for use at night, and a lotion to rub in during the day. With these two, applied regularly, you should be able to dine and dance in the evening with hands that are white and smooth. If the gloves that go with your particular outfit are wool, it is a good plan to wear a thin pair of silk or nylon ones underneath, to prevent the wind getting through.

To look your best all the time, you should take two sets of make-up (powder, rouge and lipstick): a range of delicate shades for evening and another range of more robust shades for out of doors. Two shades of powder, one over the other, give a nice finish to an evening complexion. For most people, the best way to use them is to put the deeper shade first, and the lighter one on top.

One last piece of advice. Hair is likely to “frizz” if it gets damp, which it may well do if it snows, or you fall into the snow itself. To insure against this, spray the hair well with lacquer before going out in the morning. You can get some makes which give extra protection against damp, and these are wonderfully helpful for keeping the hair smooth and well-groomed.

MOTORING

First rumours of revolt

by GORDON WILKINS

THESE ARE DISTURBING days for the Ministry of Transport. Those units of population, rail travel statistics and road traffic figures, are turning out to be human beings with flesh and blood and a limit to their patience.

On London's suburban trains the passengers stage sit-down strikes against what one sufferer has described as the proletarian dictatorship instituted by the personnel. In Mayfair a citizen has successfully resisted a prosecution for parking alongside a parking meter on a Saturday, when the Ministry does not deem it necessary to keep its one-legged bandits in action.

And now the Ministry is to try omitting the red-with-amber period between red and green traffic lights because "It is becoming increasingly common for traffic which has been held up at a signal installation or which approaches as the red-amber appears, to enter the road intersection in anticipation of the green signal while the red-amber is still showing." In other words, the public is running out of patience.

The revolt of the customers on the transport services is long overdue. It is abundantly clear that although the personnel may gain great benefits from nationalization, the interests of the consumer come a poor second. Who knows? The revolt might even spread to the buses. Imagine bus crews being forced to accept standing passengers instead of leaving them waiting in the rain!

The parking question need not detain us. The Ministry of Transport has adopted the policy of hiring out the streets as parking places when traffic is heavy and it can scarcely pretend that cars standing in those same spaces constitute an obstruction when traffic is light or non-existent.

The traffic light problem is rather more interesting. Contrary to the belief held in some quarters, traffic lights are not a creation of Divine Providence. The blueprints were not brought down by Moses from Sinai. They

are American devices which take the initiative out of the hands of drivers and reduce the risk of collisions at cross roads at the cost of a great increase in traffic congestion. Hundreds of unnecessary sets have been installed in Britain by authorities whose stock idea on solving traffic problems is to stop the traffic.

They are observed with exemplary loyalty by British drivers, who are the most disciplined and law abiding in the world, but the danger signals are now flashing. The authorities are asking too much. In particular, they mock and deride the patience of drivers by keeping the lights going through their infuriating time-wasting cycle of changes all night when there is no traffic to justify it.

London is the only capital city I know where one can be stopped 10 or 20 times at 3 or 4 a.m. with not another vehicle in sight. The authorities in other countries do not attempt such excesses because they know full well the drivers just would not stop and

public opinion would not tolerate action against offenders. Instead, they switch the lights at midnight to show a flashing amber signal in all directions and having thus given warning that the junction requires care, they leave late-night stragglers to use their own judgment.

The trick of eliminating the amber period between red and green has been tried in France but has been completely defeated by the enterprising French driver. He no longer watches his own lights. He concentrates on getting a glimpse of those controlling the cross traffic and the moment they change from green to amber, he is off like a greyhound from the starting trap. Any poor innocent foreign visitor who waits for the red light to change to green in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées finds himself left behind by a roaring mass of vehicles which surges forward as one car under some secret impulse which to the uninitiated has the appearance of mass telepathy.

This sounds Latin and lawless, but it does not seem to produce many accidents, because the French driver is an enterprising character with a fair share of initiative and rapid reflexes. It also reminds the authorities that there is a limit to human patience. As a result they have set their traffic signals to flash amber during the night and they have eliminated as many Paris traffic signals as possible by fly-overs and underpasses on a scale as yet undreamed of in London.

FASTER AND FASTER—BUT SAFER

CHRYSLER HAVE JUST ANNOUNCED A NEW car for the driver in a hurry, called the 300E. Behind a European-style grille lurks an immense V8 engine producing 380 horsepower. The small grilles under the headlamps are not just painted metal: they actually admit air to cool the brakes. Mr. R. M. Rodger, Chrysler's chief engineer, says it will accelerate from 0 to 30 m.p.h. in 3.4 seconds and from 0 to 60 in 8.3 seconds. This easily beats many fast sports models.

He claims: "This added power will facilitate safer highway driving. It will mean less exposure to oncoming traffic when passing, less exposure to cross traffic at intersections and smoother blending with expressway and turnpike traffic. Rapid acceleration is a great safety factor in overtaking and in getting clear of cross-roads—once one

has paused to see that the way is clear."

I am sure Mr. Rodger would not wish to have his remarks confused with the tongue-in-cheek statement sometimes attributed to Segrave: "Cross-roads are dangerous places; therefore I always take them as fast as possible in order to reduce the time I spend there."

The other picture shows the new Austin A 55 with its Italian-styled body. The car is longer and slightly heavier than the old one and has bigger wheels. Engine and suspension are much the same, but a change to an S.U. carburettor gives a slight increase in power, the gear ratios are closer, making for easier gear changing, and a short central gear lever replaces the steering column type. The luggage trunk is immense and the front brakes are larger than before.



New and British (above)—The Austin A55 Cambridge Mark II
New and American (right)—The Chrysler 300E



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DINING IN

Take eight eggs to bake a batch

by HELEN BURKE

WHEN EGGS ARE down in price, they can be used liberally not only in main dishes and sweets but also in cakes. At any time of year, however, the thought of using eight eggs for a cake can be a deterrent unless one can turn out three cakes and a special sweet from the eight eggs.

I have a basic cake mixture which I bake in three 1-lb. loaf tins—producing those small professional-looking cake-loaves which we see more in France, perhaps, than in this country—and one round tin for a pineapple upside-down pudding.

One quarter of the mixture is measured into each of three basins, and the remainder (for the sweet) is left in the mixing bowl.

To one portion, four to six oz. currants, sultanas or halved Valencia raisins are added; to another, four oz. cargo ginger, washed free of sugar and thoroughly dried off before being cut into thin strips, with a little ginger essence to accent the flavour; and, to the third, two oz. each of shredded almonds

and ground almonds (especially at this time of year when some of these will be left over from the Christmas cooking) with a drop or two of almond essence. To the remaining batter in the large bowl, add a few drops of vanilla essence.

Start by buttering and thickly flouring the three loaf tins. The pineapple pudding tin calls for special treatment. Here it is: Cream together three tablespoons soft brown sugar (lumps crushed out) and two tablespoons butter. Spread this mixture on the bottom and sides of a deepish round tin, 6½ to 7 inches in diameter. Drain and dry about four rings of canned pineapple and place one in the centre of the tin's base. Around it, fit halved rounds. Place any left over against the sides of the tin. A cherry here and there in the pineapple holes is a good idea. The tin is ready for the batter.

Now for the basic mixture, made in a large bowl: Cream one lb. butter, gradually add one lb. caster sugar and beat well until fluffy.

Beat eight eggs together. Sift one lb. self-raising flour with ½ teaspoon salt. To the creamed butter and sugar, add two to three tablespoons of the flour and about the same amount of eggs and mix in. Repeat, mixing in the flour and eggs with not too much vigour. When all has been mixed together, divide the batter as above and to each portion make the suggested additions.

Turn the various mixtures into the prepared tins and level off.

Having set the oven at a temperature of 375 degrees Fahrenheit or gas mark 5, bake the cakes and pudding for 40 to 45 minutes or until their surfaces remain firm to the touch when lightly pressed in the centre with the forefinger. There are other tests for "doneness," to which I shall presently refer.

When ready, turn out the cakes on to wire racks and leave them to cool. Turn the pudding on to a heated platter and serve it, hot, with the following hot sauce: Blend a teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of the cold syrup from the

pineapple. Sharpen the remainder with the juice of half a lemon and bring it to the boil. Stir the arrowroot into it and it will clear at once and be ready. Or you can pass single cream with the pudding.

This pudding can just as well be served cold with cream. In this case, turn it out on to a wire rack to become cold. Incidentally, this makes a good steamed pudding, needing about 1½ hours cooking.

This batch of cakes and pudding may seem to be a little of a chore—but just try it and I think you will find the effort well worth while.

There is one point I would like to make about the temperature of the oven. Four tins of cold mixture, when placed in the oven, absorb a lot of heat. Anyone using an electric oven is well aware of this since the light on the oven dial reveals the loss. For this reason, I always start at 25 degrees higher (electricity) and one mark higher (gas) than given, then, after ten minutes or so, reduce the temperature to that given in the recipe. It will then be right.

The little "pound" cakes are ready when their centres are firmish to the touch, but a better test, perhaps, is the "sound" one. At the end of the given baking time, gently withdraw one from the oven and listen to it. If there is a slight hissing or singing, it requires a little longer baking before being tested again. A further sign of "doneness" is a slight shrinkage from the sides of the tin.

I WENT for the first time to what I can best describe as a gay, friendly and inconsequential hotel near Hastings, The Fairlight Cove. This is all on one floor. You go into a lounge, with a roaring fire and a bar; then through a long passage with bedrooms and bathrooms right and left, until you arrive at the dining-room. If you go any farther and want to talk to the chef, you will find yourself in the kitchen.

The reason for my visit was to attend a weekend dinner party given by an old friend, J. Kenyon Gregory, who bought the hotel in 1951. Previous to this he had spent all his life in the brewing trade. To my delight I found myself sitting next to "the remarkable Mrs. Louisa Prideaux" whom our host, quite rightly, had put at the head of the table. She is a wonderful old lady, who at the fine age of 93 is not only the oldest member of the Wine & Food Society, but attends their dinners without fail—whether in London, Surrey or Sussex—and goes up and down by car and chauffeur.

I have often pulled her leg about the immense quantity of wine she must have drunk to live to such a great age and to remain so gay and in such fine fettle, which pleases her enormously. She lives in the old part of Hastings, in a house once owned by Admiral Shovell in the 17th century, and this, together with all the curios she has collected over the years, she has bequeathed to the town.

The food at The Fairlight is not

DINING OUT

From Hastings to a 'tusker feast'

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

pretentious but very good and they have some interesting and fine wines. For example, with our potted shrimps and consommé we had a Beaujolais Blanc '55 (William Standing); with the Turkey à la King, a Château Leoville Lascazes '47; with the coffee, Salignac V.S.O.P. which was something of a coincidence for me because only the previous week I had met Hervé de Jarnac, principal of the firm which has been producing Salignac Cognac for over 150 years, who had come to London from Cognac for a few days.

From The Fairlight near Hastings to The Candlelight Restaurant at the May Fair Hotel in London which opened very unobtrusively a few weeks ago. Somebody described this to me as "a pretty, witty folly designed by Jack Stephens, an architect who works for film companies." It may be a "folly" but it is a very effective one and it is certainly pretty. Against a sort of pale blue sky backdrop, you can dance on a marble floor under a soaring marquee to McGuffie and his small band. All the tables are

lit by candelabra. I know of no better light than ordinary candles if there are enough of them, progress or no progress.

There is an immense choice on the menu and like most smart places your bill is what you make it. They have, however, the good sense to have wine—rouge, blanc and rosé—en carafe, which is a help to young people out dancing on a limited budget.

The Pink Elephant Society have once again held their annual dinner in the Fellows' Restaurant at the Zoo. The menu for the "tusker feast" this year was in verse. Whether it would pass muster by T. S. Eliot or any of our major poets is a matter of considerable doubt, but here is the first verse and the last two lines of the third:

"Pamper your taste with a portion of Eel,
In smoke it's been cured—A fine start to the Meal
Now a Game Soup that's rare and special,
Kind to your palate—with Madeira Sercial.



"The remarkable Mrs. Louisa Prideaux" who at 93 is the oldest member of the Wine & Food Society

Enjoy the Poached Turbot and the Dutch Sauce,
Lovely Potatoes, with Parsley of course.
Enhance it with Wine—Chablis Grand Cru,
Perfectly served and chilled for you...

"Your repast is over, with Wines complete,
And now it's ended, can you stand on your feet?"

As far as I could see, the tuskers appeared to be standing on their feet in admirable condition.

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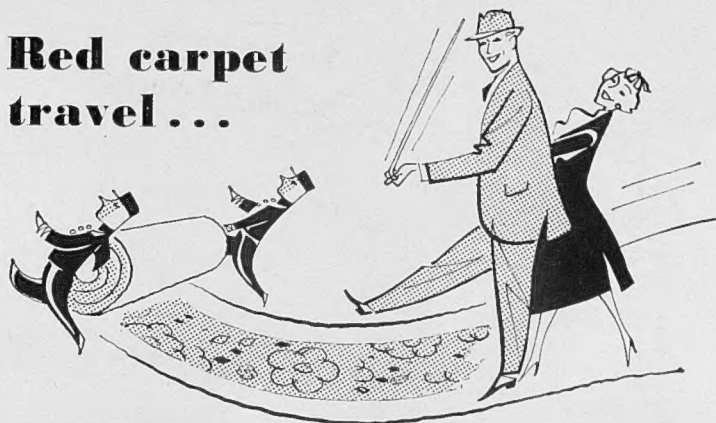
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